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Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Convention of the Shorthorn Breeders of Macomb County.

On Thursday last the annual meeting of the Macomb County Shorthorn Breeders' Association was held in the parlor of the Commercial Hotel, Romeo. At 10:30 a.m. the meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. John McKay. The Secretary, Mr. H. C. Canfield, of Mt. Clemens, was chosen Secretary pro tem., and read the minutes of the last annual meeting, after which the Treasurer, Mr. Robt. McKay, presented his annual report. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, John McKay; Vice President, J. H. Hagaman; Secretary, A. H. Canfield; Treasurer, R. McKay. After the election, State Senator J. W. Norton, of Oakland County, was called upon, and spoke a few minutes on his experience in feeding cattle, and the difference he had discovered between improved and native stock. He had never owned any Shorthorn cattle, but regarded them as the best suited to the wants of the general farmer. He thought such meetings as this should be encouraged as a means of extending information among farmers and interesting them in the improvement of their domestic stock. A recess was then taken till 1 o'clock. Upon reassembling, the room was completely filled with members and visitors from Macomb and adjoining counties. Among these present we noticed Wm. Ball of Livingston, Amos F. Wood of Mason, A. S. Brooks, J. Van Housen, J. Barwise and Messrs. G. W. Phillips, J. C. Thompson, Adrian Taylor, Wm. Jenney, Robt. Milliken, Chas. Phillips, L. Parmelee, B. Poole, L. S. Edson, B. Davidson, N. G. Reid, S. F. Ferguson, H. T. Bancroft, Jas. Crawford, Dr. J. E. Barringer, E. G. Perkins, and a number of others whose names we did not get, all from Macomb County. The first business on the programme was a paper from Mr. Wm. Ball, President of the State Shorthorn Breeders' Association, entitled "Breeding and Care of Shorthorns." Mr. Ball's paper was quite lengthy, and was a plain and practical exposition of his views upon the breeding of cattle and their care. He said the entire subject assigned him could not be covered in a short paper, and he therefore satisfied himself by merely alluding to various points that would require much time and a great deal of practical and general knowledge to go into thoroughly. He referred to the three classes of theories held by breeders generally, each one asserting the value of his own particular hobby and decrying that of the others. These were in-breeding, type or line breeding, and the crossing of animals of different blood. He referred to the system of the early breeders of Shorthorns, and took the ground that the best Shorthorns to-day were animals not bred in lines or families, but the result of cross-breeding these families. He instanced the case of the Cruikshank cattle, now so popular, and the gradual extinction of such families as the Bates Duchesses, whose breeders had always regarded them as a sort of aristocracy, to be kept pure from an admixture of other blood. His plea was a strong one for breeding from the best animals, no matter what their family, so long as it was certain they were thoroughbred Shorthorns. He next referred to their care and management and said the good qualities of the breed were largely the result of good care and management, and that no one could expect to succeed who did not continue to give what their breeding demanded. Good animals always paid for good care.

Mr. Amos F. Wood opened the discussion on this paper. He said in breeding no two men's experiences were the same, and such a meeting as this was the place to come and hear different men's views. It was certain that with our high priced lands no farmer in Michigan could afford to breed and feed a poor animal. He believed we should aim to breed animals

with the most good qualities, and in cattle he thought this was the Shorthorn. In this State, with its growing dairy interests, cattle that could combine both milk and beef were the only ones that could be permanently successful. He took issue with the paper read in regard to the value of the different families of Shorthorns. His impression was that animals bred in line were not only the most impressive, but combined, as a rule, more good qualities. The pampering of the Duchess family by men who did not understand breeding was the cause of their sterility, not line breeding. Their produce had been used to improve the standard of some of the best families known, and they always did it. He showed instances where they had not only lived to a good old age, but were regular breeders to the last.

Mr. G. W. Phillips gave some of his experiences as a breeder, and took the same ground substantially as Mr. Ball.

The next paper was on "In-breeding," by R. Gibbons. It held that every domestic animal, cattle, horses, sheep and swine, owed their improvement to the early breeding following this theory, and referred to the cases of Bakewell, the Colling Brothers, the Booths and Thos. Bates. There was no other way in which a particular type of animal could be perpetuated, nor could the breeder rely upon securing uniformity in his stock except by the use of animals more or less inbred. The many failures among those who had tried this system arose from a lack of knowledge of the conditions necessary to success rather than to the faults of the practice. Weaknesses in the animals bred from were intensified by in-breeding, just as the good qualities were. He referred to the close breeding of the thoroughbred horse, and its unexampled vigor to-day and to the animals that made the names of Booth and Bates and Colling famous, in support of his theory.

Mr. Phillips acknowledged there was a certain amount of truth in the theory of in-breeding, but said that it was a dangerous thing for an ordinary breeder to engage in. He cited two or three instances in which utter failure had followed it. He called upon Mr. Wood, who, he said, had tested the theory more practically than any man in the State, for his experience.

Mr. Wood, in reply, gave the history of an eastern herd whose owner had followed the system as close as the Colling Brothers, and always with good success. He purchased some of the females of the herd, and was yet breeding from them. They had been successful in the show ring and good breeders. But when he got them he used bulls not akin, though having the same lines of blood. The original owner had refused to use any animal outside of his own herd, and the herd had become sterile. He thought this would be the case always if the system was followed too long. He believed, however, in breeding from certain lines of blood, and only using animals bred in the same lines to cross with. Mr. Wood's remarks were listened to with much attention.

Mr. Wm. Jenney, who is a Jersey breeder, was called upon for his opinion. He said he knew nothing about Shorthorns, but Jersey breeders had always bred closely, and got the best results from in-bred animals. He referred to the famous Mary Anne of St. Lamberts as being an in-bred animal, and he believed Jersey breeders followed the system more closely than any other. Had tried it himself and so far without detriment to his stock.

Mr. Parmelee took strong ground against the practice, and believed it to be as bad in animals as in the human family, and entirely contrary to divine law. Mr. Ball followed in support of his position against in-breeding. He believed that Shorthorns had been bred too closely by the early improvers to allow a continuance of the practice with good results. He should, however, prefer breeding from animals whose lines of blood were somewhat similar—that is, in making an outcross he should want an animal whose blood sympathized with that of the stock he was to be bred to. He thought it always secured greater uniformity in the offspring. He called this type breeding.

Mr. Wood, who has always been a strong believer in line breeding, both in theory and practice, said he thought Mr. Ball was getting very close to him. Mr. Gibbons said after all there was not much between them all when once there was a thorough understanding. He did not believe for a moment that in-breeding could go on forever. But when new blood was wanted it was best to use that which, as Mr. Ball put it, sympathized with that of the in-bred animals. That an outcross should never be radical in its nature, as the offspring from such a cross would never be uniform; nor could any desired type be perpetuated in a herd.

Mr. Wm. Graham of Rochester, followed with a paper on "What Should the Coming Shorthorn Cow Be." He gave a full description of what, in his opinion, should be the Shorthorn cow of the future. She should combine both milking and beef qualities. There was a general assent to the ground taken by Mr. Graham by those present.

Mr. A. H. Canfield read a paper on "Which is Preferable for the Ordinary Farmer, Thoroughbred or Grade Stock?" Mr. Canfield favored the grade. The thoroughbred has been spoiled by pampering, and lacks constitution. Crossed on the native stock the latter gave the constitution. He liked to have thoroughbreds near him so he could use them; but he did not want to breed them. He preferred using their labor, and paying them for it. He was decidedly of the opinion that the ordinary farmer should stick to the grades.

Mr. Phillips combated the opinions of Mr. Canfield warmly. He knew from experience that the thoroughbred Shorthorn could stand more grief and do better on less food than a native. Had tested the endurance of each many times.

L. S. Edson supported the views of Mr. Canfield very ingeniously, and thought the farmer should stick to the grades as best adapted for this purpose.

B. Poole said he never bred any Short horns, but he had been feeding cattle for some years, and the result had been so greatly in their favor that he always wanted them if they were to be had. In shipping, drovers had told him that his finest steers, pure bred Shorthorns, had stood up better and showed less shrinkage than any others. He should get the best bred steers he could for feeding, and the nearer they were to the thoroughbred the better.

A number of others supported this statement of Mr. Poole's, among them Mr. Van Housen, who showed how easily and cheaply farmers could secure thoroughbred stock, so that the investment would be but little more than for natives, by the purchase of a female or two, with the certainty of much better returns for the care and capital. He spoke from experience.

Mr. Phillips asked Mr. Canfield which he would take if the cattle were offered him at the same price. "Throughbreds, certainly," said Mr. Canfield, without a moment's hesitation. "But," said he, "I wanted you breeders to discuss this question, and my paper was written to draw you out." There was a general laugh at this, for the discussion was getting quite warm, every one present seeming anxious to take a hand in.

FOREST HILL FARM.

Knowing that David P. Wilcox, of Riley, Clinton Co., was advertising his herd of Shorthorns and his large farm for sale, in your columns, and being in near locality, we decided on interviewing him, that thereby your many readers might know of them and it. Reaching his home at a late hour in the afternoon, we for an overland drive of fifteen miles, we fortunately found him home and ready to answer our inquiries, and show his farm and stock. We find that he settled on the former twenty-nine years ago, coming from that land of steady habits, the State of Connecticut, and immediately commenced clearing the land and building him a house upon the 800 acres that now comprise it. The farm is finely located, only twelve miles from St. Johns, a thriving business village and the county seat. Two hundred acres in one body lies upon the east side of the road, and is in a fine state of cultivation, has a gravelly loam with clay subsoil, produces richly and is well fenced. On the west side is the other 100 acres, and upon which is his two story square frame house built ten years ago, and 26x36 and 18x32, well finished, and cellar under main part. Among the buildings we looked at is a barn 36x64, shed 16x50, basement used for stabling, the upper part for hay and grain, with one drive floor, painted and standing on a substantial stone wall, a carriage house 16x30, built two years ago. Pig run and corn house together 24x30 and a barn 50x52, erected three years ago for hay, grain and stabling, and one 30x35 for sheep. The buildings are all in good shape and condition. Of the 100 acres 30 are heavy timbered land, forming and being kept as an admirable wind break from the western winds, and containing a thrifty maple sugar bush of 400 trees. The balance is splendid pasture land, kept solely for that purpose, well watered by Spring Brook, that furnishes an unlimited supply, being fed from springs, and gives ample range for his herd of thoroughbred Shorthorns and grades that we saw roaming in the bountiful growth of grass at this late fall day. He tells us that he has been breeding very high for many years, and has shown his cattle at the county fair of Clinton with one or two exceptions for twenty-five years; and has been breeding thoroughbreds for the last six years. His first purchase was Gen. Custer 26681. He was purchased by Oxford Argyle 20534, with Red Star by John Gloor 8464 for dam. His next was Florian 3d, a young Mary by Oxford Argyle 20534, dam Florian 2d by 3d Duke of Hillsdale 9864. At present we see Young Viola, a young Mary by Oxford Argyle 20534, dam Young Mary 7th by 2d Duke of Hillsdale 9863, tracing to Imp. Mary Whitaker by His Highness (2175) etc. She is red and white, weighs 1,600 lbs., is a square fine cow, broad loin, level back, heavy quarters, fine head, a

good breeder and has never failed to produce a calf since two years old, which have always sold at high prices. The roan Juno is seven years old, a Rose of Sharon, was bred by Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, was sired by Geneva's Aldrie 19839 dam, Bessie by Favorite 6928, 8th dam Laura by Comet Holley (1855), 8th dam Nannie by Emperor (1974) etc., is of good size, level broad back, clean and smooth, good in general points. Maid of Forest Hill is red with white, and 5 years old, was bred by Wm. Ball; at time of purchase was in calf, got by Mazurka Duke 23994, dam Florian 3d, Oxford Argyle 20534 etc., 6th dam Splendora by Old Splendor 24164, has good bone and heavy quarters, fine head, good soft handler and an excellent breeder. The 2d Maid of Forest Hill is five years old, red and white, was bred on the farm, as well as the balance of the stock. She was sired by Gen. Custer, dam Juno by Geneva's Aldrie 19839; 3d Maid of Forest Hill is red, four years old, by Gen. Custer 26681, dam Young Viola, etc., is a splendid animal and well put up; 4th Maid of Forest Hill is four years old, was sired by Mazurka Duke 23994, dam Florian 2d, and is a handsome red animal; 5th Maid is red, two years old, sired by Lewis 48593, dam Young Viola, etc. The 6th Maid is roan, two years old, sired by Duke of Forest Hill 32264, dam Juno; 7th Maid is a two-year-old roan, sire Duke of Forest Hill 32264, dam 2d Maid of Forest Hill. Among the yearlings are the 8th Maid, same sire as above and Maid of Forest Hill for dam; and the 10th Maid, sired by 2d Duke of Forest Hill 38373, Juno for dam. The 7th Duke of Forest Hill is two years old, stands at the head of the herd, is red with little white, was sired by Duke of Forest Hill 32264, Maid of Forest Hill for dam, is a rattle and splendid stock getter. Among the calves we notice the young 12th Duke that was sired by the 3th Duke 48401, with Maid of Forest Hill for dam; he is red with white, was calved the first of June, is a splendid young animal, hardly for his age second to any we have seen. He is a magnificent creature and is worthy a lengthy look at. He must mature into a very valuable animal. There are four young bulls and three heifer calves, all straight, fine, clean and from the best dams in the herd. This herd will bear inspection both as to relative individual merit and breeding, from those desiring to add to their present herds or who contemplate starting herds. We also saw a flock of 275 high grade sheep, where the ewes are very even, and a large party of good even lambs, as he uses thoroughbred rams. The four year old R. B. Carus 33 is registered in Vermont, sired by E. J. & E. W. Hardy 35, dam R. B. Carus 17; also A. J. Towney 35, sired by Son of Centennial bred by F. & L. E. Moore, Vt., and purchased from Wm. Ball, is of good size, well covered with good dense staple, and shears over 20 lbs. He has graded his sheep for ten years from the best bucks he could get. As we look this stock and farm over we are sure they are all good, the stock, the soil, the buildings and surroundings, and we leave much pleased with our visit.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH GOOD STOCK.

A Kalamazoo Sheep Breeder Gives his Experience for the Benefit of his Farmer Friends.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I herewith give you report of sales from my flock of sheep since Oct. 15th: To J. W. Drew, Otsego, a yearling ram; to J. W. Barber, Alamo, a two-year-old ram; to W. O. Packard, South Haven, stock ram, "Pioneer," and one ewe; to Henry Earl, Plainwell, one ewe; to Thomas Phillips, a yearling ram; to C. C. Morton, Dowagiac, a yearling ram; to J. D. Summer, Kalamazoo, a yearling ram; to John Kendall, Kalamazoo, a yearling ram; to A. M. Bennett, Alamo, eight yearling ewes; to Ralph Richmond, Plainwell, five ram lambs; to Broome Bros, Plainwell, 15 ewes, and seven ram lambs.

I wish to say for the benefit of those who may be doubting and hesitating as to the propriety of investing in a good flock of sheep, (as I did for some time) that four years ago last April, I bought 72 thoroughbred ewes. Two years ago last February, I bought 37 more. I have sold from this flock since starting 163 sheep, rams and ewes; I have now on hand 70 breeding ewes, 20 ewe lambs, eight ram lambs and 23 one and two year old rams or 121 in all. My gross receipts, from sales of wool and grease, have been a little more than three times the amount paid for sheep, and my flock are worth to-day double the sum I have paid out for sheep.

And this in the face and front of prejudice, concerning the merits, and advantages of breeding good stock instead of "scrubs," by the majority of farmers with whom I had to deal. In a locality where good stock is more generally appreciated, much better results could have been realized; but I am quite happy to note progress in this particular. Many are getting their eyes open that were "stone blind" a few years ago. S. B. HAMMOND.

Those in want of Bronze Turkeys can secure them by addressing J. G. Hayden, Cassopolis, Mich.

CHRISTMAS BEEF.

It was quite a relief to the representative of the FARMER at the Central Yards, who for several months past has been feasting his eyes on stock which is designated by the buyers as "scralls," "hoppers," "crockery crates," etc., to take a walk through the yards and see some specimens of Michigan cattle that could not be excelled in any section of the country. It showed that while a majority of our farmers were still engaged in raising scrubs, there were some that had found out that it paid much better to produce good grades. The receipts on Saturday showed a fair proportion of very choice cattle, with Livingston County ahead.

Messrs. Switzer & Ackley, the well-known drovers, had in the largest number, and among them were several that had been fed by the Switzer Bros., A. C. and Chas., of Howell. Of these, five two-year-old steers were of fine quality, with good forms; well fattened, fine-boned and averaged 1,300 pounds. Although the Switzer Bros. are among the heaviest handlers of live stock who do business in Detroit, they find time to run a good farm, and these steers give ample evidence that they understand the philosophy of feeding. From Wm. McPherson, of Howell, they purchased 7 two-year-old steers that were a credit to the feeder and would please the eye of any butcher. They were only excelled in style and finish by some fed by his brother. They averaged 1,376 pounds. George Wilhelm, of Howell, helped to make up this drove and add to its appearance with six very nice yearlings that averaged 1,168 pounds. David Dutton, also of Howell, put in seven yearlings that were good enough for anybody, which averaged 1,086 pounds. Lewis Fitch furnished a very choice heifer and a steer that averaged 1,340 pounds, and Mr. R. Wigglesworth, of Cohasset, sent a heifer that would be hard to beat which weighed 1,530 lbs. John Love, of Howell, did himself credit as a feeder with a pair of two-year-old steers that averaged 1,200 pounds, while Adam Zahn sent in a pair of the same age and weight that were very fine. Adam Shelton, of Howell, put in three two-year-old steers and two yearling heifers that will pan out in good shape when they strike the butcher's block. The last we looked at was a very nice blocky yearling heifer fed by John Robbins. Messrs. Switzer & Ackley also had in some very fine sheep, among them being a pair of Shropshire grades fed by Mr. Alfred Garlock, of Howell, which averaged 140 pounds, and sold for \$60 per hundred.

After looking this lot over, Messrs. Beach & Wing took us in hand and walked us among some more of Livingston County's production. Here we found six two-year-old steers, raised and fed by Mr. Alex. McPherson, of Howell, which we think were as ripe and well finished as any that have been seen in our yards. Two of them in particular were very choice. They were short on their legs, had well-sprung ribs, broad backs, good length of body, thick through the heart, and in fact it would be hard to pick a fault in them. They averaged 1,500 lbs. John Lawson made a very fine show in this herd with five nice two-year-old steers that averaged 1,390 pounds. J. M. Hoagland, of Marion, sent in two two-year-old steers and a cow that showed up well among the best, averaging 1,450 pounds. Mr. King, of Cohasset, sent in as his contingent a very choice two-year-old steer that weighed 1,750 pounds.

The Clark Bros. had in two steers which had been raised and fed by Aaron Holt of Oscoda Center, that weighed 4,670 pounds. One of them was a little too ripe for a show animal, but would cut up to good advantage. The other was one of the best in the yards. These animals were all from Livingston County, and they show that the enterprise of the McPhersons, Ball, Brooks, and Beach, in bearing good fruit, and that farmers are fast learning that it pays to use thoroughbred bulls on their stock, and that it costs no more to raise a grade steer which a two year old will weigh from 1,300 to 1,400 pounds than it does a scrub of 800; besides, they are worth from one to two dollars more per hundred.

Charley Roe had in "Billy Jumbo," a steer raised and fed by Warren Baker, of Burlington, Calhoun County. This steer was 29 months old and weighed 1,730 pounds. He was a remarkably good one, especially on the back and crops, but was not let down so well behind as we like to see; but he was in hot company, and any little defect became more apparent; as an animal for the butcher he would probably furnish as much high priced meat as any steer in the yard.

John Devine got out to Washtenaw County and gathered in some very fine ones, a pair of steers fed by Ed. Cranston of Dexter, and a pair by C. Rogers of the same place, though not as heavy as some of their competitors, were finished in a way that made them heavy favorites with many in the yards. The Sly Bros. had in some very nice animals, two steers of their own feeding, a heifer from W. T. Johnson of Northville, and a cow fed by R. S. Duffee, of Plymouth. This section of the State has not done as well as usual this year.

Over at King's Yards, H. J. Rundell,

of Pontiac, as usual had some good ones. A pair of steers fed at the Oakland County Poor Farm, shows that there is some one there who understands feeding cattle, and if they turn out their County charges in as good condition, it must be a good place to patronize. These steers weighed 2,900 pounds, were two years old, and brought \$7 per hundred.

The old veteran, Leland Green, had in some very fine ones; among them were a choice cow fed by John Shaw, of Livonia, that weighed 1,600 pounds, and two fed by Mr. Bussey of Salem, that averaged 1,412 pounds. Taken altogether the show of Christmas cattle was a very creditable one to those who fed them.

A FAIR CIRCUIT.

Last Wednesday delegates from a number of State and District Fairs held a meeting at the Russell House, this city, to discuss the proper management of fairs, and adopt a set of rules for their government and management. The delegates consisted of R. M. Lockhart, of the Indiana State and Northeast Indiana Associations; John Farley, W. C. Crabbs and T. M. Merrell, of the Tri-State Board of Toledo; James W. Fleming, Secretary of the Ohio State Board; W. O. Jackson, of the Indiana and Michigan Board, South Bend; Philo Parsons, President; J. C. Sterling, Secretary; A. J. Dean, Treasurer; and J. M. Sterling, of the Michigan State Agricultural Society.

The first business done after organizing was to listen to a paper prepared for the consideration of the meeting by Mr. Fleming. This paper, which we are too crowded to print in full, took the ground that this circuit committee should agree upon a uniform system of rules for the government of all the fairs in the circuit, and that the committee appointed by each fair should be clothed with full power to act. Mr. F. cited the abrogation of all premiums on agricultural implements as one of the points brought about by this committee, which had resulted in a great saving to the various fairs. He next referred to the importance of a rule which will prevent pens and stalls being filled with a class of animals that do not tend to encourage farmers in a line of better breeding; animals that are brought in because it costs nothing, and perchance a sale may be made. To keep out these animals the Ohio Board and the Tri-State Board adopted the entrance fee system, five per cent. of the first premium for each animal entered, and it worked most admirably, besides bringing in a revenue of over \$2,000 per year. The question of stock sales at fairs was next discussed, and favored by the speaker. He suggested as questions for the consideration of the meeting the following subjects: Stock sales; reduced railroad rates for exhibitors making the entire circuit; should the Boards continue to offer premiums for fat animals; premium classification of live stock; dates for the fairs of 1884; best plan for issuing exhibitors' tickets; how should exhibitors of machinery and agricultural implements be admitted?

On motion of Mr. J. M. Sterling, the paper was ordered to be read before each board of the Circuit, and the agricultural papers asked to print it in their columns. President Lockhart called for an expression of opinion as to advisability of continuing the fair circuit and it was unanimously voted to do so.

Messrs. Lockhart, Parsons, Fleming, J. C. Sterling and Farley were chosen as a committee to report upon the question of stock sales.

On motion of Mr. Farley Messrs. Parsons, Lockhart, Fleming, G. R. Hudson and Judge McClelland were appointed a Committee on Transportation.

The following were designated as dates for holding the fairs of the circuit in 1884: Ohio State—September 1 to 6. Tri-State—September 8 to 13. Michigan State—September 15 to 20. Indiana State—September 22 to 27. Northeast Indiana—September 29 to October 4. Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan—October 6 to 11.

The Committee appointed to report on various portions of Mr. Fleming's paper submitted their reports.

The Committee on Stock Sales recommended that none but pure-blooded animals be admitted to these sales, and that they be sold at auction or private sale, at the option of the owner; also, that animals for sale may, at the option of the owner, be entered for premiums. If offered at private sale, the price must be made public. If sold at auction, the association will provide the auctioneer. Lists of the animals entered in the sale department, with pedigree and price, will be printed and distributed by the association.

Mr. Fleming thought there ought to be a stall rent charged to pay for forage and other expenses, but this was finally left to the discretion of the various associations, and the report of the committee adopted.

The committee on tickets recommended the uniform adoption of coupon tickets, and of blank passes, to be filled in with the name of the exhibitor, for those having articles on exhibition. Adopted.

Mr. Fleming asked for action upon the

point of classification of premiums. In Ohio the largest premiums are offered for Shorthorn cattle, and for no better reason than that there are more of them bred in that State than of other breeds. In his opinion there should be no distinction in thoroughbred breeds, and for anything else there should be no premium whatever.

J. M. Sterling moved that three premiums, and no more, be offered for all pure blooded classes; that there be no distinction made in those classes. Adopted.

Mr. Fleming brought up the question of dividing the class of draught horses, and suggested a class for thoroughbreds and a class for grades.

Mr. Dean opposed the suggestion, saying that if our native horses are not equal to imported ones they should be thrown away and imported ones substituted. He moved that no action be taken, and the same prevail ed.

J. M. Sterling moved that entries of live stock, throughout the circuit, close one week before the opening of the fairs. Adopted.

The following officers were then elected: President, A. M. Lockhart; Secretary, J. M. Fleming. The meeting then adjourned to meet in Toledo in February or March at the call of the President.

The growing importance of Boston as a wool market is shown by the heavy increase of the trade from year to year. The total receipts of wool at that point since the first of January last to date has been 431,940 bales domestic and 58,670 bales foreign; against 414,235 bales domestic and 54,806 bales foreign for the corresponding period of 1882, a gain of 17,715 bales domestic and 3,864 bales foreign, or 21,579 bales in all.

Battle Creek Journal: Mr. Nicholas Groat, living three miles from Climax, bought a pig on April 14th, which was four weeks old, three-fourths Jersey red. He fed it four milk the fore part of the summer; then 100 pounds of milk feed; then of poor corn what it could eat up to Nov. 15th; then sound corn till Dec. 4th, when it was butchered by Harvey Beals & Son, Climax. It weighed 381 pounds, and was only 8½ months old. He don't want any one who can make a better showing to hang back.

Stock Notes.

ASA KINGSBURY and James G. Hayden, of Cassopolis, Cass County, have purchased from D. & J. D. Fisher, of Ont., Canada, Cleveland Bay stallion Cleveland Boy, a three-year-old, descended from stock imported from Winsted, Yorkshire, England.

MR. J. D. SULLIVAN, of Livonia, N. Y., writes to correct an error made in his recent letter on the Merinos of Western New York. Mariner's ewe, of second shearing, is made to give a fleece of 32 pounds 13 ounces. It should be 23 pounds 13 ounces. The compositor's funeral was largely attended.

J. E. WICKES & Co., of Colby, Montcalm County, have sold to Major A. F. Kelsey, of Ionia, from their herd of Galloways, the bull calf Blackwell (649), got by Blackbird (638), out of Lady Black (648). He was calved Feb. 15th, and weighed, when three days less than ten months old, 686 pounds, is a beauty in form, and was sold for a round price.

MR. NORTON FITCH, of Sparta, Kent County, announces that he has some good young Shorthorns which he offers at reasonable prices. His herd was begun by the purchase of the bull Duke 3d 11060, bred by G. J. Hagerty, of Nashport, O., and by Sweepstakes 6260, out of Jessie by Ansel 5231, tracing to Nonpareil by Comet Halley (1855). His first cows were purchased of George Heltz, of Tiffin, O.

MR. F. M. DEAN, of Pewamo, Ionia County, has sold Poland Chinas to the following parties: To C. M. Fellows, Manchester, one boar. To Owen Rice, St. Johns, one boar and one sow. To John M. Smith, Bengal, one boar. To W. H. Trilphagen, Pewamo, one sow. To H. D. Smith, Fowler, one boar. To C. M. Hatch, Lyons, one sow. To S. P. Larned, Lisbon, D. T., a pair pig. To B. Barras, Lyons, pair of pigs. To C. M. Willis, Pewamo, one pig. To Palmer & Rhead, Norvell, one sow. To Anna Sessions, Matherton, brood sow. To M. R. Vance, East Plains, one sow. To S. W. Rogers, Pewamo, pair of pigs.

MR. L. SPRAGUE, of Farmington, Oakland County, reports the following sales of sheep from his flock of Merinos: To Mr. Morse, Novi, three rams. To Mr. Pinkerton, Novi, one ram. To Mr. Dennis, Novi, one ram. To Mr. Angel, Novi, one ram. To Mr. Davis, Farmington, one ram. To Mr. Grace, Farmington, one ram. To Mr. Sample, Milford, one ram. To Mr. Bowen, Milford, one ewe. To Mr. Hard, Plymouth, one ram. To Mr. Moreland, Plymouth, one ewe. To Baldwin & Davidson, Oriskany, ten ewes and one ram.

Mr. Sprague says he has just sold to George Wood, of Saline, his Shorthorn heifer calf Butternut, for \$75.

MR. A. M. WILLETT, of Muir, reports the following sales of sheep from his flock of Merinos: To N. J. Baker, Carson City, one ram. To Wm. Bamforth, North Plains, one ram. To H. W. Blakesly, Clinton County, one ram. To Jay Sessions, Clinton County, one ram. To John Graves, Clinton County, one ram. To Herman Horton, Montcalm Co., one ram and ten ewes. To Oliver Ely, Ionia County, one ram. To Kellogg & Chick, Hubbardston, one ram. To H. Mason, Kent, one ram. To J. Easton, Kent, one ram. To Mr. Alvord, Palo, one ram. To James Sterling, Mt. Pleasant, one ram. To E. D. Davis, Montcalm, one ram. To C. L. Haldy, Sebewa, six ewes. To Ira Spencer, Gratiot, one ram.

MR. J. A. ARMSTRONG, of Owosso, Mich., the

(Continued on eighth page.)

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 138 Pearl St. New York.
Dated Detroit, Oct. 18th, 1883.

MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—
State Journal of Agriculture.

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P. B. BROMFIELD,

Manager of Eastern Office,

150 Nassau St., New York.

The Michigan Farmer

—AND—
State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1883.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 123,717 bu. against 167,797 bu. for the corresponding week in 1882, and the shipments were 64,934 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 374,645 bu., against 344,213 bu. last week, and 400,814 bu. the corresponding week in 1882. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 8 was 34,185,933 bu., against 33,213,949 bu. the previous week, and 19,993,959 bu. at corresponding date in 1882. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 938,984 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 962,848 bu., against 514,075 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 6,394,018 bu., against 7,737,307 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882.

The past week has been a dull one in the grain trade, and especially so in wheat. Only 235 car-loads of spot were sold, and 460,000 for future delivery. The tendency has been downward, in sympathy with the markets of Chicago, New York and other points, although the decline has been slight. Prices are down to hard-pan, and any change will probably be towards higher values. Yesterday the market toned up, and buyers took hold with considerable vim. Chicago was higher, and closed firm at an advance over Saturday's prices; Toledo was dull, but values were higher; New York was active and higher, but a part of the advance was lost before the close. It is reported from Chicago that a lot of big operators have combined to force up prices, and ex-Senator Tabor, Lindbloom, Lester and Hobbes are said to be buying heavily.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from December 1st to December 17th:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.
Dec. 1.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
2.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
3.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
4.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
5.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
6.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
7.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
8.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
9.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
10.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
11.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
12.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
13.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
14.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
15.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
16.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
17.....	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2

There is so little doing in futures that quotations have lost their interest. There is not the slightest speculative feeling apparent in the market. The following table gives the closing prices of the various deals each day during the past week:

Monday	1 04 1/2	1 05 1/2	1 07
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There has been a further addition to the stocks of wheat in sight, and this has also depressing tendency upon the market. The total stocks of wheat at nineteen leading interior and seaboard markets, west of the Rocky Mountains, in transit on the west to the seaboard, and afloat in the ocean, destined for Great Britain and continental Europe, on dates named,

Quotations on State stock in that market are as follows: Fancy creamery, 35c; choice do, 33 1/2c; prime do, 30 1/2c; fair to good do, 25 1/2c; ordinary do, 19 1/2c; best tubs and patis, 30c; fair do, 28 1/2c; good do, 25 1/2c; and fine do, 18 1/2c 3/4.

Quotations on western stock are as follows:

Western imitation creamery, choice	34 1/2c	35 1/2c
Western do, good to prime	33 1/2c	34 1/2c
do, ordinary to fair	32 1/2c	33 1/2c

Poetry.

A CONCERT.

I've somewhere read in olden tales—
Such as the Persian poets sing,
That in the fragrant Eastern vales
Are birds with but a single wing;
And birds and links of solid bone
The want of missing wings supply.
And thus, when either bird alone
Sings through boundless space to fly
Each lacks its other, better part,
Which being by its mate supplied,
They, linked together, heart to heart,
With hopeful wings can upward glide—
Each bird, depending on its mate,
Thus feels the need of loving care,
Each bears in part the other's weight,
And thus is formed a perfect pair.

And so, I've thought, the human heart
Will silent in its prison dwell,
And languish till its counterpart
Is brought within its subtle spell.

Like those rare birds of Eastern clime,
It strives in vain to leave the earth,
Until at Fate's appointed time
It finds a mate of equal worth.

And then bound fast with bonds of love,
More lasting far than bonds of bone,
The twain can soar to realms above—
Two souls in form—in love but one.

THE OLD FARM.

Out in the meadows the farm house lies,
Old and gray and fronting the west;
Many a swallow thrives there,
Twittering under the eaves and eaves;
In the old chimney builds her nest.

Al! how the sounds make our old hearts swell;
Send them again on an eager quest;
Bid the sweet voices of heaven tell
Those we have loved so long and well
To come again to the dear old nest.

When the gray evening, cool and still,
Flashes the brain and heart to rest,
Memory comes with a joyous thrill,
Brings the young children back at will,
Calls them all home to the gray old nest.

Patient we wait till the golden morn,
Rise on our weariness half confessed;
Till, with the chill and darkness gone,
Hope shall arise with another dawn,
And a new day to the sad old nest.

Soon will we see all the eager east
Bright with the Day Star, at heaven's behest;
Soon from the bondage of clay released,
Rise to the Palace, the King's own feast,
Birds of flight from the King's own nest.

Miscellaneous.

TOM KILROY.

Romance is generally thought to dwell
in exceptions and extremes, but everyday
life has its full share of heroes, of tragic
or of chivalrous story. Tom Kilroy's
youth knew no exceptional circumstances.
His father was a mason, steady and industri-
ous; his mother loved him with that
sober, wise affection which keeps strict
guard over lessons and clothes; he was, in
short, one of those numberless sons of
respectable mechanics who keep the
public schools busy in their youth, and
are kept busy by the world all their life
afterward.

Tom had been destined almost from his
cradle to learn his father's trade. His
elder brothers were carpenters and build-
ers. Mason work would dovetail naturally
in with woodwork, and the brothers would
thus be enabled to throw many a profit-
able job into each other's hands. There
was no disposition in Tom to quarrel with
this destiny; the limit of his ambition was
to be a good tradesman, and to marry the
girl of his choice. He had not even settled
on the girl, and the pleasing latitude and
uncertainty he allowed himself in this
matter was the one bit of romance that
leavened Tom's life at nineteen.

Evidently there was a very common lad
in very common circumstances, and yet
there was even then in his possession a
single advantage which might disarrange
the steadiest and most eventful of plans:
Tom was exceedingly handsome—that is,
he was going to be. Just at that age he
was freckled and immature, managed his
great frame awkwardly, and was shy in
consequence.

But, after all, it was Tom's inches, and
his bright, handsome face, crowned with
short, brown, curly hair, that prevented
him taking permanently to bricks and
mortar. Old Kilroy had a job of work to
do for the great importing firm of Scott &
Donaldson, and one day while Tom was
laying bricks and whistling with a great
deal of spirit "The Garb of Old Gaul,"
Alexander Scott took a liking to him.

Men do take these impulsive likings just
as readily as women do, and for the most
part they consider themselves at liberty to
indulge them. At any rate Mr. Scott did.
He had a talk with young Tom, and liked
him better still, and then had a talk with
Tom's father, which resulted in Tom's
throwing down the trowel, and taking a
seat in the counting-room of the great firm.

The Kilroys were modestly proud of the
change. The elder boys going off to work
with their tools and the younger with
their books were still very few fellows in
their mother's eyes; but Tom in a stylish
business suit, with kid gloves on his
hands, and a cigar in his mouth, did them
a loftier kind of credit. All of them felt
that, and the mason remarked one morn-
ing, as they watched him down the avenue
a block: "All right, mother. It's a poor
family that can't have one gentleman—
isn't it?"

No one doubted that it was "all right."
Tom gradually became the oracle of his
father's house. Why not? He spent his
days among grave, wealthy men, among
great interests and great trusts, and un-
avoidably he got the air and assumed the
tone of the wealthy classes. In the course
of two years he was cautiously promoted,
but he was trusted even beyond his
position.

In the method incidental to New York
business life time passes rapidly. Tom's
life went on as the clock goes for the next
four years, but in them time gave every-
thing and took nothing from him. His
splendid physical beauty had matured,
and his business aptitudes had been
thoroughly developed. Even John Don-
aldson, who had always smiled at his

partner's fancy for the "young mason,"
at length admitted that "Kilroy was a fine
fellow, and would do the firm credit."

It was just after this admission from
Mr. Donaldson, and a hot, glowing day in
early July. Tom, busy among the sundry
bales and boxes, heard Mr. Scott call him.
When he answered the summons he found
the senior partner in a very anxious and
perplexed mood.

"Mr. Kilroy," he said hesitatingly, "I
cannot go home as I intended to-night,
and it may even happen that I shall have
to go to Liverpool by the next steamer.
What I want now is that you should take
my usual train and carry Mrs. Scott this
letter."

"Very well, sir; how soon shall I
leave?"

"You have fifteen minutes to catch it."
So in five minutes Tom was at the Erie
depot. He obeyed the order as he
would any other order from Mr. Scott,
but it did not much please him. He had
half an engagement with a very pretty
girl for Thomas' Gardens that night, and
he liked strawberries and roses with their
city accompaniments better than in their
artificiality.

He was in a severely gentlemanly tem-
per when he stood on the platform of the
little Jersey depot. There was the usual
gathering of buggies and light wagons,
and he looked around for Mr. Scott's;
which that gentleman had described to
him as "a nice little turn-out with a
pretty team of grays."

The only vehicle answering this de-
scription was driven by a lady—a very
lovely lady, indeed, who peered among
the crowd with a wistful, anxious face.
Tom took heart of grace, and with his
very best bow and smile, made some in-
quiry or remark, the only intelligible
words of which were "Mr. Scott."

"Yes, sir," said the lady, blushing, and
handling the reins rather unnecessarily.
"I came to meet papa, and you say he is
not coming. And you have a letter? Will
you allow me to drive you to the house?"

Tom was obliged to allow himself to be
driven. He knew nothing about horses,
and he was exceedingly mortified at his
ignorance. But even ignorance has
compensations. His perfect idleness
gave him leisure to watch his
driver's pretty motions; to note all the
changes of her face, and all the coaxing
intonations with which she flattered and
encouraged the "pretty team of grays."

He had literally fallen in love without
being at all aware of the plunge he had
taken; for the sensation was so charming
it was scarcely likely he would stop to
analyze the feeling.

Mrs. Scott was quite aware of Mr. Kil-
roy's antecedents and position, but woman
never weighs very handsome men in the
same exact balance as they do ugly ones.
There was a very charming tea, during
which Tom got as far in Mrs. Scott's
favor as he had got in Mr. Scott's in four
years. So far, indeed, that when she re-
turned to the library to answer her hus-
band's letter, she left Mr. Kilroy to be en-
tertained by her daughter Alice.

Did she remember what a dangerous
entertainment wandering through the
scented shrubs in the twilight garden was?
When Alice's fingers touched Tom's
among the strawberry vines, did she calcu-
late the result? Or had she no fear of the
bewitching summer moon that saw those
two sitting in sweetest silence be-
neath the drooping honeysuckle on the
piazza?

Perhaps her letter had given her other
material for anxiety. She did not seem
to think of Tom and Alice, and Tom was
glad of it. He wished this night could
last forever. He went back to town in a
kind of intoxication. Alice gave him a
jasmine spray at parting; and this young
Romeo of the counting-house was just as
foolish about a flower as any lover, either
before or since the flood, had ever been.

He had no plan about Alice, but his
stars planned for him. Mr. Scott went to
Liverpool Saturday afternoon, Mr. Kil-
roy went out to Mrs. Scott's with a certain
sum of money from the firm, and often
certain commissions in books and dry
goods with which the firm had no particu-
lar concern. In those six weeks love
grew, both on Tom's and Alice's part, to
perfect stature.

But this delicious dream of youth had
a rapid awakening. In six weeks Mr.
Scott returned, and then the pleasant
necessity for Tom's visits ceased. Mr.
Scott never alluded to them, and it rather
nettled the young lover that his prospec-
ive mother-in-law seemed to have for-
gotten them. There was, however, some
consolation in Alice's letters, and in her
assurances of unaltered affection, and for
a short time these satisfied him.

But at length after a somewhat injured
reflection on the matter, he resolved to
speak to Mr. Scott. Youth, in its strength
and beauty and boundless hope, is so apt
to consider all things as its own that some
excuse may be made for the slight tone of
self-assertion in which Tom ventured one
evening on his confession.

Mr. Scott heard it with perfect gravity
and politeness. "You have, of course,
done my daughter the greatest honor any
man is capable of," Mr. Kilroy, he said,
smiling, as he turned the paper-cutter
over and over on his desk. "May I ask
if you still reside with your parents?"

"Yes, sir, I do," answered Tom, feeling
a momentary flush of shame as he thought
of the plain little two-story house in a
down-town street.

"And where and how do you propose
to live when we are married?"

Tom frankly confessed that he had not
thought of that subject; but he evidently
had the usual faith in love and cottages.

Mr. Scott rose with the air of a man
finishing a discussion. "Mr. Kilroy, I
am obliged to you for your honesty. I
will be equally plain with you. Business
affairs have not gone well with me lately.
I have been thinking all day of retrench-
ment; you and Frank Maybin will either
have to leave your desks or retain them
at very much reduced salaries. I am sure
you love Alice too well to subject her to
poverty. It is true, I have always intend-
ed to give her a fortune, but then no man
of honor would ask her hand, under such
circumstances, unless he was able to count
at least dollar for dollar with her. Your
business talents are exceptionally good. I
expect to see you worth a million, but

when you are worth fifty thousand of it I
will cheerfully consider your proposal.

He said a polite "Good-night," as he
left the office, a courtesy which Tom
found himself quite unable to return. If
the man had been angry and uttered all
kinds of harsh words, Tom would have
borne it better. He had a salary of one
hundred dollars a month; if he was to
wait for Alice until he was worth fifty
thousand, the probabilities were hardly
worth counting. Besides, there was that
covert threat of dismissal. That would
never do; he must resign his desk
voluntarily. He saw very well that Mr.
Scott would never like him again, and
Tom's open candid nature instinctively
dreaded a dislike which would veil itself
under polite forms and disagreeable neces-
sities.

He was so excited that he could not
endure the tedium of the street cars; he
got out of them, and walked rapidly up
Broadway until he struck Eighth street.
He generally crossed to the east side of
the city by this route, and he took it
naturally, but at the Cooper institute read-
ing-room he paused a moment. He had
not yet thought of what he should say to
his father and brothers. He went up
stairs and drew a paper toward him; he
had no idea of reading, but he wished to
think without attracting attention.

Vacantly at first his eyes wandered over
it, but at length he began to read with a
curious avidity. He followed a certain
column to its close, and read it again and
again, and then looked at the name of the
paper. It was the Rocky Mountain News.
In those few minutes Tom had been in-
nucleated with the gold fever, and he was
sure that he now saw a clear and sure way
to Alice. True it might be a rough one,
but all the same he was quite determined
to take it. He was only impatient now of
delay, and he entered the little homely
sitting room as elated and positive as if
the Rocky Mountains were somewhere on
the line of street cars, and his mine as
perfectly localized as the United States
Mint.

"I am going to the Rocky Mountains,"
he said, with that impetuousness
which often characterizes enterprises
about which we are doubtful.

"You have been in some very queer
places already to-night, Tom, to make you
talk in such a daft-like manner."

His brothers looked curiously into
Tom's face, while the women folks
present paused in the midst of their
chatter and work for the same purpose.
The men evidently thought Tom had been
drinking; the women divined at once his
absolute sincerity. The pause was follow-
ed by a long and angry discussion, in
which there was no lack of hard words,
but the end had been in Tom's mind be-
fore it began, and in a week's time he
found himself crossing the dreary plains
which guard the approaches to the treas-
ure houses of the mountains.

But alas! Tom soon found that the keys
to these treasure houses were cunningly
hidden from him. His industry and
business tact were of no avail here. Labor
led to nothing, and simple luck seemed to
laugh science and probabilities to scorn.
Yet though he had no luck, it was curious
to see how the mine madness ruled him.
He knew men who had searched for ten
and even twenty years and then found in
a moment millions of treasure. He knew
a man who had wandered over Nevada
and sifted the Black Hills for nothing,
and then just stumbled over a Rocky
Mountain silver mine that had made him
a modern Croesus. Such tales were in
every camp, and in hunger, cold and
wretchedness of every kind, they kept
Tom's courage high.

Yes, though he was locked up in those
dreary fastnesses, and heard only at long
intervals of the world outside them.
In fact, the outside world after the
first two years had little in-
terest for him. He had not written
home at first, partly because "his head
was under water," and partly because it
was really a difficult matter to post a letter
and still more difficult to get at the reply;
and then gradually his whole being be-
came absorbed in one idea. The moun-
tains held him in their spell, and he knew
that nothing but the discovery of some
lovely world could break it.

One night, after four years of this
strange life, he met a little party in the
Platte Canon who had lost their way, and
were in the greatest extremities. Tom
guided them back to safety and made a
warm friend of their leader—so warm that
the man offered him a share in a large
smelting and assaying work which he was
going to establish near the Silverton
Mines. Tom happened to be unusually
hard up, with a long winter before him,
and he accepted the offer. Of course he
told himself that just as soon as the snow
melted he should begin his "prospecting"
again; but he never did.

In the stir, bustle and method incident
to the conduct of a great work, his old
business habits reasserted their power.
He found himself making money so rapidly
that he resolved to go on making and
saving until he could buy a mine, for to
be the possessor of a veritable gold or
silver mine still charmed and ruled his
imagination.

Thus the years went by. Few people
would have recognized in the stalwart,
bronzed, bearded man, clothed in leather
and fannel, the once stylish-dressed and
scrupulously-shaved and gloved employe
of the great firm of Scott & Donaldson,
Water street, New York. For full ten
years had passed away, and though Tom
was only thirty-three, he looked and felt a
great deal older.

Sometimes now, also, when he counted
up his balance in the Golden City Bank,
he began to think of his old life, and he
had sudden yearnings which made him
turn his face lovingly eastward. But the
gives of great trusts were on his hands,
and the spell of money-making on his
heart; he stirred, indeed, occasionally
under the nightmare, but his memories
were not powerful enough to thoroughly
arouse him.

It happened that in his tenth summer
his partner went east to bring home a
daughter whom he had left there at school,
and his return was quite an event to Tom.
This man had walked Broadway within a
week and had brought with him the favor
and the very language of the place. Tom

had not guessed how dear to him his
native city was until one familiar name
after another unlocked all the wards of
his memory, and a passionate longing for
the old scenes and haunts, the old loves
and friendships, seized him.

"John Amboy," he said, "I must take a
run East for a few weeks. There is
very little quartz in the mill, and the
books are up to date. I've got the home
fever bad, John. I think I will start to-
morrow."

So in a few days Tom Kilroy stood at
the foot of Chambers street, wondering
if he should go home without warning;
wondering, indeed, if he had any home.
Yes, there it stood, just as he had left it,
the little brick house, with the green
blinds outside. But inside there had been
changes. His father was dead, his elder
brothers married, and the little sister he
had left in short clothes just going to be.
But love is always the same, and these
simple souls made a great festival over
their returned wanderer, without once
asking him if he had saved a respectable
sum or come home with empty pockets.

Sitting alone with his mother that night,
he at length ventured an inquiry very
near his heart.

"Where is Alice Scott, now, mother?"

"I don't know, Tom. Things have
changed for her."

"She is married then?"

"That is past my telling. I have heard
nothing at all about her for eight years—
never since her father failed. They went
somewhere up the river to live. I saw her
mother's death in the papers soon after."

It was a great tragedy in a few words—
failure, poverty, death and isolation.
Tom's reveries were not devoid of remorse
that night, but the next day he started out
early to do what his heart told him ought
to have been done years ago.

It was not hard to find Mr. Scott's re-
treat, and he came upon it just at noon.
Mr. Scott was leaning over the little
wooden gate, looking listlessly down the
long dusty lane, and he readily entered
into conversation. Tom was smitten with
pity at the change in his old patron. He
had sunk to very small interests, and
talked now of his little patch of corn, his
couple of cows, and his eggs and chickens
as he had once talked of richly laden
barks, and bills of lading, and checks,
and balances. Then Tom led him on to
speak of his old business, and he was glad
to see that the merchant instantly asserted
himself. "He must be taken out of this,"
thought Tom, and he asked himself to
dinner.

He entered the house with a beating
heart. Would Alice be there? Would she
know him? Mr. Scott had not supposed
who he was, but Alice ought to have known
him. She was laying a very humble table
for two as they entered, and after a glance
and a movement of courtesy she went
calmly on with her household duties.

Tom had a good opportunity for observ-
ing how much changed she was, but it
was a change that soothed and pleased
him. Her figure, her movements, her
sweet, quiet face, her neat dress—nothing
escaped him; and she was fairer in his
eyes than she had been even in that en-
chanted hour when she had first driven
him from the little Jersey depot.

They sat opposite each other at table,
and when he answered her inquiry, she
looked eagerly at him, but Tom suddenly
lowered his eyes. In a moment, however,
the truth flashed across her heart, and in
a scarcely articulate voice she cried out,
"Oh Tom! oh my dear Tom!"

Then Tom was by her side, kissing her
cheeks and lips and hands and whispering
nobody knew what between his kisses.
Mr. Scott had risen at once and was sup-
porting himself on the back of his chair,
hardly able to understand the good
fortune that had come to him, until Tom
said:

"You promised me Alice, sir, when I
had made fifty thousand dollars. I am
worth nearly nine hundred thousand to-
day; will that do?"

"Good gracious, Mr. Kilroy!" and the
old man sank into his chair, and covered
his eyes with his browned hands.

There was only a beefsteak and some
potatoes and a cup of coffee at the be-
trayed feast, but it was a wonderful one,
and after it there was a business talk in
the garden, which made a new man of Mr.
Scott. For Tom was bent on refunding
the old firm under the name of "Scott &
Kilroy," and though there was necessarily
some delay a million of money can work
miracles, and before many months were
over the senior partner of the new firm
was exercising again all his authority and
business acumen.

For Tom remembered his father-in-law's
claims, and has forgot no word of that
kindness which altered his whole destiny
when a mason lad, and which for many
years encouraged and rewarded his youth-
ful efforts.

Tom's younger brother occupied Tom's
old position in the house now, but it is not
likely that he will follow Tom's footsteps
westward; for whenever Tom hears him
talking of his big brother's "good luck"
in the mines he always says:

"Easy—easy, Harry; good luck needs
good looking after, and gold is easier
made than found."—Harper's Weekly.

Tuebor.

When young people ask their elders
the meaning of the word on the Michigan
coat of arms, they usually ask without
receiving—or they ask for bread and re-
ceive a stone. It is a curious fact that
but few educated people in the State have
discovered the meaning of the cabalistic
"Tuebor" inscribed on the Wolverine
shield and held aloft by two patriotic
deer.

The word is the future singular and
first person of the Latin verb tueor, and
has several meanings, the clearest of
which are: To behold, to defend, to keep.
Horace uses it in the sense of to raise up;
and while its use in that sense has
been condemned by later Latin scholars
as irregular, it evidently expresses the
spirit in which it was selected for our
coat of arms. The legend may be liberally
translated: "This is the shield of our
beautiful peninsula, we will keep and de-
fend it, we will raise it up." So far the
men of Michigan have been true to the
trust. We are sure the boys who are to
take their places can shout Tuebor from
the bottoms of their hearts.—School News-
paper.

THE SECOND MRS. FRERE.

Mr. Frere was a very rich old gentleman
of somewhat parsimonious habits. His
one extravagance was a love for young
women. He was an excellent example of
the elderly lover; he was not satisfied un-
less he had a pretty, young wife, and then
he made love to the sex at large, bar-
gaining only for youth and beauty.

The first Mrs. Frere was a lovely girl,
with blue blood in her veins. She was
poor, and Mr. Frere's wealth tempted her.
She brought with her, as her sole dowry,
a splendid diamond necklace, which had
been preserved as an heirloom in her
family. Mr. Frere was almost as proud
of this as he was of his wife, and he, from
time to time, added diamond ornaments
until finally she possessed one of the finest
sets to be seen in any London draw-
ing-room. She altered strangely after her
marriage; became devoted to dress,
amusement and excitement. But she was
quiet and amiable with her husband, ex-
cept that at first she frequently complained
because he would not give her all she
wished. But after a while she left off
reproaching him. He would not give her
an allowance; he liked to play the gener-
ous and uxorious husband, and give her
a dress when it took his fancy to do so.
There was a dangerous light in her eyes
sometimes when she submitted to him.
But she did submit.

Eventually, however, she lost patience,
and dealt him the hardest blow that lies
within a woman's power. She ran away
with a wild young cousin of her own,
whom she had loved before her marriage.
He was a spendthrift, and made away
with his slender fortune; so Mr. Frere
had one comfort in his uneasy situation
he felt sure his foolish wife would dis-
cover now what poverty meant. She had
gone to Paris, and those who met her
thought her looking wretchedly ill; but
she always appeared very gay and dressed
magnificently.

In six months she died, and left Mr.
Frere free of all but her memory. The
cousin went to America, and did not reap-
pear in England for many years. It
seemed he was doing well abroad.

Mr. Frere had disliked the idea of get-
ting a divorce, perhaps fearing that his
bald crown and scant fringe of white
hairs might raise a laugh in court. But
now that he was so agreeably set at liberty
he began to pay assiduous attention to
one pretty young lady after another. The
number of young ladies with whom his
name was associated did not arise from
his own changeableness, but from their
unanimous rejection of his addresses.

For poor Mrs. Frere's career was not for-
gotten. She had been a favorite in her
time, and most of her acquaintances re-
garded him in the light of an old ogre,
who had driven her to ruin and death.

This was very trying for Mr. Frere, for
he really doted upon youthful beauty,
and he much wished to appear again in
the society, which he feared had been
sneering at him, with another young and
lively bride upon his arm.

But his case really seemed desperate.
Most ladies gave him the cold shoulder
as soon as they guessed at his intentions;
if any allowed him to propose, it was only
for the pleasure of refusing him. The poor
old gentleman got quite depressed, and
knew not what to do. He began to think
of travelling, and enticing some innocent
young creature into wedlock who had
never heard of the late Mrs. Frere and
her sad end.

It was September, and he was at a large
country house where there were a number
of young women; he could not tear him-
self away from their captivities; yet he
dared not propose to any one of them,
for his recent experiences had made him
nervous. It was humiliating to be re-
jected by some girlish creature fresh from
the schoolroom, and then meet her every day;
and he did not want to go away from the
house, for the girls were not unkind to
him. They teased and pleased and flattered
him. Only he noticed that he could never
be with one of them alone. They always
went about with him in little com-
panies of three or four. In fact, they had
determined that the old would-be lady-
killer should never get the chance to make
love to any one of them. A new addition
to the circle, a lady who had been the
beauty of the season just over, seemed
much amused at this little arrangement.

For her part, she said, she had no fear of
Mr. Frere; he was rich enough to be an
eligible partner; but he seemed afraid to
speak to her. So he was; for she was the
handsomest woman he had seen for many
a day, and experience had taught him
that he would fall in love with her, and
that if he proposed she would refuse him.

The last day of his stay arrived, and he
was very sad. In the afternoon he desert-
ed the men, who were out shooting, and
went into the morning room, where he
found all the young ladies in a state of
gaiety in which young ladies sometimes
indulge. They had been pulling the men
to pieces in their absence, and laughing at
them. Poor old Mr. Frere, whom any
one of them might have had for a lover,
had just had his turn. He was given to
making passionate speeches whenever he
could get the chance; and some of the
girls, on comparing notes, found he had
used identical words to each. In fact,
he did somewhat lack imagination. They
amused the girls immensely, and they
were laughing over it when he came in.
They immediately began to tease him,
and while they asked him a hundred ques-
tions all at once, he stood smiling, flut-
tered and perfectly happy in their midst.
Confused by the presence of so much
beauty, he made a speech, which most of
these who heard it regarded as absolute
nonsense.

"Ladies," he said, "I am going away
tomorrow. It is dreadful to go and leave
you. I don't think I have the courage to
do it, unless one of you will consent to
console me. Which of you ladies will
marry me? My wife will have the late
Mrs. Frere's diamonds, and they are not
to be despised."

He spoke as if purely in a joke and
laughed as he said it. But his eyes looked
eagerly and anxiously round the merry
circle to see if any face looked thoughtful.
"I will, Mr. Frere," said the beauty,
"diamonds suit me, and I adore them."
The others looked in amazement, and

then burst into peals of laughter. The
idea of the beauty sacrificing herself for
a set of diamonds—she who, it was sup-
posed, might wear a coronet if she chose!
But Lady Rose knew her own position
better than any one else. She had been
out several seasons, and had had no offer
worth accepting, and her mother would
not let her have the man she loved. A
rich old man, who, as she fully determined,
should be her slave, and a set of diamonds
for her very own which were a fortune in
themselves—these things were worth
thinking about.

The whole thing was treated as a joke
at the time by every one present. But in
the evening Mr. Frere came quietly to
Lady Rose and sat down by her.

"Lady Rose," he said, "if you are will-
ing to hold to the bargain we made today,
I will keep to my part of it."

She raised her eyes and looked coldly
into his.

"If you meant it," she said, "so did I.
As I said, diamonds suit me, and I have
none."

"I will give you the late Mrs. Frere's
on your wedding day," he answered.
"The jewel-case which contains them
shall be opened by you for the first time
since she herself shut it."

In due time the marriage was an-
nounced and the details were settled. The
wedding was fixed for an early date.
Lady Rose, having made her bargain, was
not diffident about fulfilling it. She
wanted the diamonds; not only for their
beauty, but because when once they were
in her hands she would be rich in her own
right for the first time in her life. She
was avaricious because she was unhappy;
and she determined that if Mr. Frere
proved intolerable, and wanted to be her
master instead of her slave, she would,
like the late Mrs. Frere, run away, but
she would not commit the fatal mistake
of leaving the diamonds behind.

At last the wedding day came, and there
was no doubt about one thing—Lady
Rose was the handsomest bride of the
whole year. And yet she was so pale as
to look like the ghost of herself. The
diamonds she wore were the envy and ad-
miration of her friends. They were mag-
nificent; her white neck and arms blazed
with their beauty.

When Mr. Frere brought her the jewel-
case and the key, a sort of shudder came
upon her at the recollection of who had
last opened it. She felt, for a moment,
sorry for poor frail Mrs. Frere, who had
left all

THE MAN WHO PAYS.

There are men of brains who count their gains by the million dollars and more; They buy and sell and really do well On the money of the poor. They manage to get quite deep in debt By various crooked ways; And so we say that the man to-day Is the honest man who pays.

When in the town he never sneaks down Some alley or way-back street; With head erect he never deflects, But boldly each man meet. He counts the cost before he is lost In debt's mysterious maze, And he never buys in manner unwise, But calls for his bill and pays.

There's a certain air of debonaire In the man who buys for cash; He is not afraid of being betrayed By a jack leg shyster's dash. What he says to you he will certainly do, If it's cash or thirty days; And when he goes out the clerk will shout Hurrah for the man who pays!

—Texas Siftings.

The Blockhead.

Once upon a time there was a blockhead.

For a long time he lived happy and content, until at last a report reached him that everybody considered him a brainless fool.

This roused the blockhead and made him sorrowful. He considered what would be the best way to confute this statement.

Suddenly an idea burst upon his wretched mind, and without delay he put it into execution.

One day an acquaintance met him in the street and began to praise a celebrated painter.

"Good God!" cried the blockhead, "do you not know that this man's works have long been banished to the lumber room? You must be aware of the fact! * * * You are far behindhand in culture!"

The friend was alarmed, and immediately concurred with the blockhead's opinion.

"That is a clever book that I have read to-day!" said another of his acquaintances to him.

"God have mercy!" cried the blockhead; "Are you not ashamed to say so? That book is utterly worthless; there can only be one idea concerning it. And did you not know that? * * * Oh, culture has left you far behind."

And this acquaintance also was alarmed, and he agreed with the blockhead.

"What a splendid fellow my friend N. N. is!" said a third acquaintance to the blockhead; "he is a truly noble man!"

"Good heaven!" shrieked the blockhead; "N. N. is a notorious scamp; he has plundered nearly all of his relations. Who does not know that? * * * You are sadly wanting in culture!"

And the third acquaintance was also alarmed, and instantly accepted the blockhead's opinion. Whatever was praised in the blockhead's presence, he had always the same answer. And in every case he added, reproachfully: "And you still believe that authority!"

"A spiteful, venomous man!" that was how the blockhead was now known among his acquaintances. "But what a head!"

"And what language!" added others. "What talent!"

And the end of it all was, the editor of a newspaper intrusted the blockhead with the writing of the critiques in his journal.

The blockhead criticised everything and every one in his well-known style, and with his customary abuse.

And now, he, the former enemy of every authority, is himself an authority; and the rising generation show him respect and tremble before him.

And how can the poor youths do otherwise? Certainly, to show him respect is an astonishing notion; but woe to you if you would take his measure or try to make him appear as he really was, you would immediately be criticised without mercy.

Blockheads have a brilliant life among cowards.—*Ivan Tourgueneff.*

Racing on the Frontier.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes a graphic letter descriptive of a wild carnival in a town on the Rio Grande. Among the events of the day, and the closing one, was the horse racing. There had been several minor "free for all" races in which the entries were so numerous that the horses dashed down the course wedged tightly together and the judges were at a loss whether to decide that all won or all lost. The great race was last of all. There were two entries. The ranger Terriente entered his black gelding Nigger, and Neucenes Nick, another ranger, brought forward his bay gelding Lightning. These two horses were about equally matched but it was believed by the knowing-ones that Lightning was the better horse. There was considerable money staked on the result and Mustang Joe was a heavy backer of Lightning. He learned before the race was called that Lightning's owner was giving odds on the other horse, and he made up his mind that the boys were doing a little "jockeying," which would be sure to result in his pecuniary disadvantage. "Nigger" was ridden by a diminutive muchacho, who answered to the name of Pedro, and "Lightning" was mounted by a little black boy who lived across the river. Just before the drivers mounted their steeds "Neucenes Nick" pushed his way to the side of the little darkey and whispered something in his ear. The juvenile Fifteenth Amendment nodded and grinned. Mustang Joe saw this little play-act and walked down the track, taking up his position about midway between the start and finish. The distance to be run was a quarter of a mile, and after all preliminaries had been arranged the judges took up their positions, the horses were got ready and at the word they both sprang forward and dashed down the track side by side. It was plain to be seen from the first that Nigger was being "forced" to his best pace and that Lightning was being "pulled" by the tiny descendant of Ham perched on his back.

"Nigger" win by a half neck!" cried one of the crowd, and just then the horses passed Mustang Joe.

"Lightning" was next to him, and he

yelled to the driver as the horses dashed past. The little negro turned his head, and Mustang Joe covered him with his six-shooter.

"Let out that hoss!" he cried, "or I'll blow ye full o' holes!"

The eyes of the Ethiopian rolled in their sockets—nothing could be seen but the whites, his teeth chattered, and he relaxed his grip on the bridle reins. Like a rocket Lightning shot forward past the other horse, and dashed across the finish about two lengths ahead. The backers of the bay horse cheered wildly; those who had a "sure thing" and lost on the black were correspondingly glum, and as "Mustang Joe" pocketed his winnings he winked slyly and said:

"Boys, when ye put up er jobber 'jockey' me ergin, why—don't do it!"

Probably this method of securing an honest winning would hardly be tolerated on the track of the Chicago Driving Park Association, but a great many races have occurred there, as they have on most courses, at the close of which great many losers would like to have seen it tried.

The Model Girl.

A newspaper writer thus describes the ideal girl—I saw a girl come into a street-car the other day, who had, I was ready to bet, made her own dress, and how nice she did look. She was one of those clean, trim girls you see now and then. She was about 18 years old, and, to begin with, looked well-fed, healthy, and strong. She looked as though she had a sensible mother at home. Her face, and neck, and ears, and her hair were clean—absolutely clean. How seldom you see that. There was no powder, no paint on the smooth, rounded cheek, or firm, dimpled chin, none on the moist red lips; none on the shell tinted but too small ears; none on the handsome set neck—rather broad behind, perhaps, but running prettily up into the tightly corded hair. And the hair! It was of a light chestnut brown and glistened like specks of gold as the sun shone on it, and there was not a smear of oil or pomatum or cosmetic on it; there was not a speck astray about it, and not a pin to be seen in it. As the girl came in and took her seat she cast an eye, unembarrassed glance around the car from a well-opened gray eye, bright with the intangible light of "good condition," such as you see in some handsome young athletes who are "in training." There were no tags and ends, fringes, furbelows, or fluttering ribbons about her closely-fitting but easy suit of tweed, and as she drew off one glove to look in her purse for a small coin for her fare, I noticed that the gloves were not new, but neither were they old; they were simply well-kept, like the owner and their owner's hand, which was a solid hand, with plenty of muscle between the tendons, and with strong but supple fingers. It would have looked equally pretty fashioning a pie in a home kitchen, or folding a bandage in a hospital. It was a hand that suggested at the same time womanliness and work, and I was sorry when it found a five-cent piece and had been re-gloved. One foot was thrust out a little upon the slats of the car in a good walking-boot that might have passed through a rain-storm without fear of damp stockings—an eminently sensible boot on a two and one-half foot, with a high instep, and a small round heel and a fairly broad tread. The girl was a picture, from head to foot, as she sat erect, disdaining the support of the back of the seat, but devoid of all appearance of stiffness. Perhaps the whole outfit to be seen, from hat to boots, did not cost \$40; but I have seen plenty of outfits costing more than ten times or even twenty times that, which did not look one tenth or even one-twentieth as well. If our girls only knew the beauty of mere simplicity, cleanliness, and health, and their fascination!

Poker in Thompson Street.

It was a poker pot in Thompson street, and a big jack pot had been opened. There were evidently big hands out, and the bets and excitement ran high. "Looker hyer, Gus, whuffer yo' rise dat pot?" exclaimed Mr. Tooter Williams. "Nebber yo' mind—yo' call, ef yo' isn't afraid—yes, yo' call—dat's all!" retorted Gus, sullenly. "I won't call I rise yo' back," said Mr. Williams, whose vertebre was ascending. "I rise yo' agin," retorted Gus.

And so they went on at each other until chips, money and collaterals were gone. Mr. Williams concluded to call: "What yo' got, nigger, dat yo' do all dat risin' on? What yo' got, now?"

Gus laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs. "Is dat good?" he inquired, beginning to size up the pot.

"No, dat's not good," said Mr. Williams, reaching down in his bootleg.

"What yo' got, den?" queried Gus. Mr. Williams looked at him fixedly.

"I see 'er got two jacks an' a razzar." "Dat's good," said Gus.—*Life.*

VARIETIES.

A LITTLE Norfolk boy got a silver in his foot and a motion to poliothe wound, made by his mother and seconded by his grandmother, was carried in spite of his objections. He kicked and screamed and protested that he would not submit to any such indignity, but the majority against him was two to one, and the poliothe was made ready. It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poliothe while the patient's mother stood over him with a stick, with authority and instructions to apply that also if he made the least show of resistance. When all was ready the youngster was placed on the bed and operations commenced. As the hot poliothe touched the boy's foot he opened his mouth to say something, but his mother, with the stick, averted him into silence. Again the boy strove to make himself heard, and again the uplifted stick warned him to keep quiet. In a short minute the poliothe was firmly in place and the boy was tucked up in bed, there to remain until the medicine had done its work. As the urinal's tormentors moved away, a shrill, small voice came from under the bedclothes:

"You're dot it on the wrong foot!"

An editor in Chicago recently ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. On trying them on they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night the tailor's shop was closed, and the editor took the trousers

ers to his wife and asked her to cut them off and hem them over. The good lady, whose dinner had perhaps disagreed with her, brusquely refused. The same result followed an application to the wife's sister and eldest daughter. But before bed-time, the wife re-enters, took the pants, and cutting off six inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later her daughter, taken with compunction for her unkind conduct, took the trousers, and cutting off six inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally, the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she too performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday morning the family thought a Highland chieftain had arrived.

COLLOQUIALS farmerus gunnerabus: "Did yer see that sign, mister, coming up ther lane?"

"I saw a sign, my friend, but it was stationary—it didn't seem to be coming up the lane."

"Smart, hain't ye? Well, what did the sign say?"

"Nothing that I heard; it was perfectly dumb when I passed it."

"Hum! Gittin' cuter all the time, ain't yer. Try agin! What did yer read on that sign?"

"Read on it? Why, 'Beware of the dog.'"

"Yis, but ye hain't bewar'd! know he yer?"

"Well, my friend, I didn't know I'd encountered the dog till you growled."

Mr. BLOMBERG and Mr. Blumenthal kept rival ready-made clothing shops at the East-End, within a few doors of each other. Mr. Blomberg was always to be found with his head out of the door, soliciting custom from the passing passer-by. Mr. Blumenthal objected to this manner of doing business, having found that the watchful Blomberg had captured several of his customers; and one day he went up to Blomberg and said:

"Look here, Blomberg, vy don't you keep your ugly face inside? You might pester get a jacksack to stand by de door. It would be a pig improvement."

"Yis," said Blomberg, "I did try dot vonce, and all de people ef dey pass py, say to him: 'Good day, Mr. Blumenthal; I see you have moved.'"

A YOUNG man hoping to make a favorable impression upon a young woman whom he loved, presented her with a \$350 seal-skin saccie. A few days later he proposed, and was tearfully accepted as a friend; "only that and nothing more."

He related the affair to his chum, who expressed great surprise over his refusal.

"Well, well," he said, "I have always thought that Miss B. was very fond of you. H'm; so she gave you the sack, did she?"

"Yis," was the mournful reply. "She gave me the sack, but it wasn't made of seal skin."

"I BELIEVE I'll have to reduce your wages, John!" said a miserly Boston employer to one of his help the other day.

"What for?" was the query.

"Because things are coming down. The necessities of life are cheaper, and you can afford to get along on smaller pay."

"I should like to know what necessities of life are cheaper," said John. "Beet is as high as ever, flour hasn't dropped a cent, and coal is as dear as ever."

"Well, said the employer, as he turned away, "at any rate, the price of postage stamps has been reduced one-third."

A NEW England lady was asking her cook the other day about a waitress she proposed to hire, and said:

"Mary, is she Irish?"

"No, ma'am," said Mary, "she's American."

"What is her name, Mary?"

"Bridget O'Connor, ma'am."

"Why, then, of course she is Irish, Mary."

"No, ma'am, she was born in Linn."

"Oh, but that makes no difference, Mary; she is not an American."

"Well, in faith, perhaps she ain't, ma'am. They tell me the real ones is red."

"Pa," said little Porkpinkle, looking up from his paper, "Pa, it's the Queen fixed the ceremony of the dedication of the cairn to John Brown for September 1. What is a cairn?"

"It's Scotch for baby," said old Porkpinkle, with the air of a man who throws off waves of information as a base-burner throws off heat.

"It's Scotch for baby, or little child. A Scotchman's children are his cairns, and I suppose the Queen is going to stand god-mother to one of Lord Brown's children, or cairns, as you may say."

"It is a very bright paper," said Mrs. Jones, "but my husband does not like to have me read it. It is full of naughty witticisms, he says."

"That is just what my husband says," said Mrs. Smith, "but he brings home a copy every week, having merely cut out the improper paragraphs. Of course, I buy another copy."

"Then he might as well have saved himself the trouble of supplying a mutilated one."

"Indeed, no; it is very useful. One cannot read an entire newspaper. I lay my copy over mine and read through the holes."

It takes an Irishman to turn a compliment. When he saw Jones after having met the latter with Mrs. J., Pat McFlaherty said:

"Ye are much younger than yer wife, sur."

"Presently he met the wife and remarked: 'The idea of such a young woman marrying Mr. Jones!'"

The next day he met them together, but he wasn't at a loss for blame.

"Och," he exclaimed, "ye are both of yez too young for each other."

A FRIEND who dabbles in stocks walked into a well-known banking house last summer and created considerable excitement by remarking: "I got a pretty good thing last winter. It was thirty-four then, and to-day it stands at ninety-six."

"Well, I should say so," exclaimed the senior partner. "But what was it?"

"It was a thermometer," replied the speculator.

Chaff.

There are very few ministers nowadays who can successfully preach the Gospel without an occasional trip to Europe.

The difference between a single colored man's moon for his sweet-heart and a Western storm is, that one is a dark, lone sign, and the other a dark cyclone.

"The man who rides on a railroad train," said Mr. Stebbins, "is not necessarily prompted by contemptible feelings, though he may be moved by a low-culture."

"Did you notice the aesthetic appearance of Miss Gildigash, Amy?" asked the high school girl. "I noticed she had a pimple on her nose," replied Amy, "but I didn't know the dictionary word for it."

A Harlem young man who took his affianced to hear the divine singer, Nilsson, warble her sweetest songs, asked the young lady how she liked the singer's repertoire. "Very much, indeed, it fits her beautifully."

A tradesman having bought a door mat with the word "welcome" (in English) in the center, country relative, on seeing the mat, remarked:

"I say, Cousin John, what kind of a salve it that you advertise on your door-mat?"

A French investigator has discovered that the character of a person's dream depends in measure on which side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer, then, who habitually lies on both sides, must be very much mixed.

"Yes," said the Vermont deacon, "I always go down to camp meetin, and always come home with a new side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer, then, who habitually lies on both sides, must be very much mixed."

One of the comic weeklies thus rejuvenates a veteran jest: "It is pretty well authenticated that Noah's Ark placed its moorings at Mendocino Valley, because it is recorded that when the dove brought the leaf back, Noah sailed on the Ark-and-saw."

The dog has queer tastes in the matter of dress. He wears his pants in his mouth.—*Merchant Traveler.* Nor is he particular about his own pants, neither. We have known a dog to wear other people's pants in his mouth.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Nothing more disgusts a party of Newport fox hunters, than to have an old cow get ahead of them and go racing and snorting along, with her tail in the air and terror in her soul. It looks as though they were chasing the cow, and that's not an English custom.

"Who held the pass of the Thermopylae against the Persian host?" demanded the teacher. And the editor's boy at the foot of the class spoke up and said: "Father, I reckon. He holds an annual on every road in the country that runs a passenger train."

Little Mabel stopped in the midst of her play one day, clasping her hands to her neck as she felt sharp pain there, exclaiming: "Oh! oh!" "What is the matter, dear?" said grandma. "A stitch in your neck?" "Why, gran'ma," she asked with a terrified look, "are our heads sewed on?"

A bright little Decatur girl, noticing among the company at her father's residence on a certain occasion, a gentleman whose face was considerably pock-marked, seemed much struck with his appearance, and after the company had retired inquired who the "moth-eaten gentleman" was.

Some admiring poet said of his best girl: "Upon her face a thousand dimples smile for me." Which only adds more emphasis to the adage "Love is blind." How like the mischief a girl would look with those dimples on her face. The poet must have meant freckles.

"My Dear Sir," wrote a Philadelphia man to his daughter's absent lover, "your letters to my girl are thick and heavy that in taking them home from the postoffice they fill the set of my coat. Won't you please address to the house direct or else send your letters in sections."

Oh! Those Boys!—The following advertisement appears in the *Daily News*: "Comfortable home wanted for an amusing little monkey, to be sold cheap. Also there is another unfortunate animal, which is a great deal more of a question of the day, namely, 'What shall we do with our boys.'"

"Putarch's lives—Putarch's lives," muttered Mides, passing before his book shelves and spelling out a title. "Putarch's lives—why, how many lives on earth had the man?"

"Looney!" exclaimed Mrs. Mides in a fine voice, "I don't know what you know nothing. It's a book about cats!"

"What is your entire name?" asked Frederick the Great of General Zarnba, a Pole, who was in his service. "My entire name is Zarnba and Zarnba," replied the general. "Why, Satan himself hasn't got a name like that," replied Frederick. "No wonder he hasn't got a name like mine. He don't belong to my family."

The ill which flesh is heir to are more often due to impurities in the blood than is generally supposed. The purification of this vital fluid enables the system to ward off its worst enemies. There is no doubt that Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the best blood purifiers in the world, and we feel confident that those who give it a trial will not be disappointed.

The Household.

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.

I have a friend here in the city upon whom I call quite frequently. She has a suite of rooms in a large brick house with a hall running the whole length of it, both up and down stairs. There are no windows except the dark stained glass transoms and side lights in the lower hall, but there is one window at the end of the upper hall, always closed and curtained. My friend's rooms are airy, light and pleasant, yet I never visit her without taking a long breath after ringing the bell. Why? Because I know that when I step inside an involuntary shiver will travel the whole length of my spinal column, and my nostrils be regaled with odors of the morning's breakfasts and last night's fritters and griddle meat. As Barnes Newcome would remark, "There is too much dinner on the staircase." I find it so, and involuntarily hold my breath as I hurry up stairs, tripping over the doormat and the last step in the darkness, only indulging in a full respiration when I am safe in my friend's room.

One day when the hall smelled like a sauer kraut factory, the natural consequence of a meal of the Austrian Empress's favorite vegetable, I ventured to enquire:

"Why is this house so hermetically sealed? I never saw the front door open, and the air is so damp and impure in the hall that I am sure it must be unhealthy."

"Mrs. — will not allow it to be open. She is afraid of flies in summer and of thieves at all times. The air is bad, but I keep my own rooms well ventilated and try to stand it."

I think I would make the thieves a present of my silver spoons before I would have a tunnel filled with foul air running through the whole length of my house; and if the choice must be between fresh air and flies, I will take my complement of oxygen, even if there is a fly in it. Moreover, I am just "cranky" enough to believe that one reason why every permanent resident of that house is a doctor's patient, is its want of proper ventilation.

The smells of cookery are not always objectionable; an odor of savory stew, a whiff suggestive of "sugar and spice and everything nice," often serves as an appetizer; we say the "dinner smells good." It is quite a different thing when these smells become old and stale by confinement, and so thick that you feel as if you could cut out slices "from the circumbustian air." But, strangely enough, people who seldom get out, will live year after year in, in an atmosphere which would kill a cat, and never seem to know it, however unwell and ailing they may be. I have sometimes been in houses where the air of the rooms was so permeated by the effluvia from decaying vegetables, that it was positively sickening, yet the inmates did not seem to notice it.

Some of these "nasty particular" house-keepers who are so scared of a fly would find something really worth the fright if

the substance which they allow to gather in the air of their rooms and cling to their walls, could be collected in a mass and exhibited to them. They would see impurities and filth and poison enough to dismay them; and they would see too that if the air is filled with such matter, they must breathe it into the lungs to be absorbed by the blood to the detriment of the health.

Ventilation does not imply a draft of cold air blowing directly upon a person, but it does require the arranging for a supply of pure air, in such a manner that one can sit in the room without feeling the inward flow. This is best effected by lowering a window at the top, which creates a current by which the air is changed. Opening a door into a cold and shut room is not ventilation; it sends a current of cold air on the feet of the occupants, and the confined air of the other room is no benefit. When the several occupants of a sitting room quit it at meal time, instead of leaving it shut up tightly, they should open a couple of windows, put another "big stick" on the fire, and let the air be changed and purified. It will take but a few moments to raise the temperature again, and if ever headaches materialize, they may be seen leaving the room by those open windows.

Bedrooms, beds and bedding are often sadly neglected, as far as proper airing is concerned, especially in winter. To many it seems an unnecessary waste of labor to let in the proper amount of fresh, but cold air, but a bed should never be made until the room and bed-clothes have been purified by a current of air for at least half an hour. When we remember how many ounces of impure and effete matter are thrown off by the human body through its pores, every twenty-four hours, and reflect that a part of this must be absorbed and retained by the night-clothes and bedding, we see that the housekeeper who prides herself on getting her beds made up before or immediately after breakfast, must be (wonder if I dare say it!) a very dirty woman. No indeed; shake up the pillows, throw off the bed-clothes so the air can circulate among them, (don't roll up your night dress and put it away in an embroidered "case.") and raise the window "sky high." You may then consider that you have given the room and the bed an "air purification," which is less efficient than soap and water is at least an essential to cleanliness.

And see to it that your rooms are ventilated by day and by night. Your own health and that of your family requires that the blood be fed on pure, ozone-laden air. Two grown people and a child or two will often sleep in a small room, only large enough for a bed, a chair and a washstand, and with no air except that which they get through the open door into the kitchen or sitting-room which has been used all day and shut up tight at night; and wonder that they wake tired, unrested, and nervous, and that the baby is so cross, or ailing, when it is neither disease, nor overwork, nor the inherited depravity of the little one which causes it, but a simple lack of pure, fresh, life giving air.

BEATRICE.

EXTRAVAGANCE VS. ECONOMY.

It is a common thing to hear people speak in condemnation of the extravagance of the rich, censuring them for buying costly clothing, and making extensive purchases of rare luxuries. It is not unusual to hear such expenditure spoken of as "wasteful," and the opinion expressed that it might better be given to the poor. Does it ever occur to these cavillers that economy is a word only to be used relatively? What would be a justifiable economy in one, would be downright stinginess in another; an ordinary purchase to a man of means, might be mad extravagance for a poorer one. It is not extravagant for a Vanderbilt to spend twenty thousand dollars for flowers to decorate a ball room; he can afford it. Yet the wife of a poor man would be rightly criticised for spending the thousandth part of that sum for similar purposes. Mrs. Stewart can afford a dress trimmed with \$10,000 worth of jet, without being justly called extravagant, her millions warrant it; but the wife of a man earning but twelve dollars a week would not be justified in spending a twelfth part of her husband's yearly income for a single garment.

Does it ever occur to those who make their moan over the extravagance of the rich, that a great many people get their living through ministering to this "extravagance"? If we all dressed like Quakers and lived in Spartan simplicity, what would become of the world's great industries? Think of the thousands of hands that minister to the wants of the rich, earning their necessities by supplying superfluities to those who can afford them, and see if the rich are not indeed to be commended for their lavishness of expenditure. If Vanderbilt buys rosebuds by the bushel, the money flows from his pockets into a score of hands that have forced these roses to bloom in midwinter; if he buys an embroidered portiere for a thousand dollars, the artist who designed and the needlewoman who wrought, are paid for their labor. What shall the rich do with their money, unless they spend it? To keep it in barred vaults and gloat over its possession is mere miserliness, one of the meanest of vices.

People spend money for what they like best. One man puts \$10,000 into a "Duchess" Shorthorn, another puts the same sum into a fine painting. One expects a pecuniary return; the other is satisfied with his artistic delight in the picture; and neither are extravagant if they can afford the expenditure. What we spend money for is an index of our character and our natural tendencies. Many there are who would say that a dollar put into the bank was an economy, whereas it might be better invested in something which should cultivate and refine the mind. Let us keep in mind that economy is to keep one's expenditures in a proper relationship to the income, extravagance to exceed that limit; and let us also remember that what we are inclined to consider the extravagances of others because we cannot afford the like, are matters of moment to them only, and that extravagant or not, every purchase

stirs, no matter how inappreciable, the great stream of Traffic and Trade by which the world is fed and clothed.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

In the *Farm Journal* I find this clipping from the *New York Tribune*, signed by J. S. Woodward, giving notes of the Michigan fairs held at Detroit and Grand Rapids:

"Gamblers of every form and device plied their games at the expense of the young and inexperienced; wheels of fortune, three card monte, thimble riggers and fortune pointers were in every corner and every available space. Dance houses were licensed by the officers, and in case of the Grand Rapids fair, one of the halls owned by the Society was used for the purpose of having gaudily dressed females of very questionable morals, soliciting the youths of Michigan to a public dance; and worse than this, long rows of booths or stalls were rented and licensed to sell beer, but I am credibly informed that in nearly every one intoxicating drinks were freely and openly sold. Oh! shame where is thy blush; oh! decency, where art thou flown?"

I am willing to believe that the above picture is overdrawn and exaggerated, but the humiliating fact remains that there is so much truth in it, that a dental can scarcely be framed that will help the matter.

Alas! that an institution that has in it all the elements of respectable success; that has done so much to develop the agricultural industries of the State, to improve stock, and in so many ways add to the wealth and prosperity of the people, should be weighed down with such a disgraceful incubus as is limned in the quoted paragraph!

Old and young take a personal pride in our State fair, and while we count its advantages and great good, we are apt to overlook or apologize for its

